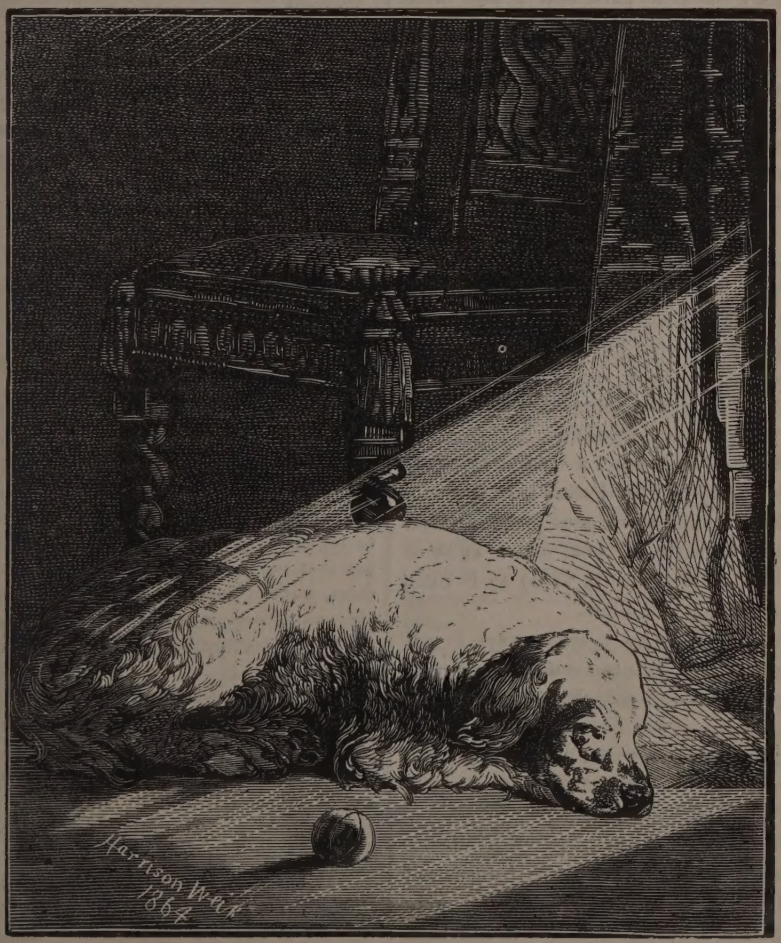
THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. Vol. XXIII. | MARCH, 1872. | NEW SERIES. Vol. I. No. 3.



THE PATCH OF SUNSHINE.

TO MY READERS.

DEAR FRIENDS: — I have a few more words to say to you. Since my last, so many kind words have come to me that you have said about me, and I have experienced such a warm interest in my welfare on your part, that I feel more attached to you than ever, and more desirous to become in every way worthy your friendship.

I am very glad indeed to receive suggestions from you. Very many of you have already made your wants known to me. Some things that I have been asked to give, I cannot to the full extent desired. For instance, I am very much interested in your Sunday-school concerts, and want to help you in them, and will help you in them; but I cannot do all you would like to have me in that direction without neglecting some other things it is very important I should do.

Some of you want a continued story. Perhaps, by and by, I shall give you one. I have in mind a few good people I mean to ask to write for you, and I know it will be in their hearts to do so if their engagements will allow.

You can help me in many ways to get good things. You can send me accounts of your Sunday schools, your concerts, the fine things you do; write little stories or great stories for me; and those of you who do not feel like doing this yourselves can get others to do so.

A scholar in the Sunday school of the Church of All Souls, New York, asks me to have a "Puzzle Department." He sends me a contribution for it, and says he will send me something more if I desire. Now, I like that. I cannot help thinking there are ever so many scholars like him. So this month you have a "Puzzle Department," and you are all invited to help make it bright and attractive.

All of you must be perfectly free with me, and treat me just like an old friend. Ask for any thing you want. Maybe I cannot always give it; but I shall try to gratify you. One thing I want you to remember; and that is, — I live for you, and therefore you will always find me devoted to your service.

THE DAYSPRING.

GET IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE "Patch of Sunshine" is a very suggestive picture. The dog has picked out the one bright spot in the room and is luxuriating in its warmth. He seems to have learned the good of sunshine.

People generally seem to dislike to have the sunlight in their rooms. At least it used to be so. They are beginning now to find out that the warm sun-rays have virtue in them, and the color taken out of the draperies and carpets is more than compensated for by the healthy hue given to their own countenances.

Get in the sunshine. Where are found the most vigorous and beautifully flowering plants, in the sunlight or in the shade? On which side of the tree is found the rosiest and most luscious fruit? Sunshine is ust as good for human beings as for flowers and fruits.

Many persons do not have so good a time in the world as they might have, because they are always getting away from the sun-

light and going into the shade. God fills the whole world with glorious light. He means it to enter the very soul and make every thing there sunny and heaven-like. But these people hunt round for dark corners and then sit down in the gloom.

Sunlight in the soul! Do you notice that there are men, women, and children even, who always have it? You always find a sweet smile on their faces. They are happy under circumstances that would make others sad and desponding. They have a sort of affinity for light, and are sure to find all the light there is, and to get into it. And who is there that cannot find a patch of sunshine to rest in if he tries?

Always be happy in the good things you have. You want something. It does not come to you, and you are disappointed. You grumble and fret about it, and will not enjoy any thing because you cannot have that. You are determined to stay in the shade. That is not the way to do. Look around. You will see great patches of sunshine here and there. Get in the light as quickly as you can.

God is so good, he gives every one in some way or other the means of being happy. Sometimes the poorest people are happier than the richest, the sick happier than the well. They have such faith in God, such a consciousness of his love in their souls, that they seem to be living in a beautiful light, and are full of happiness, notwithstanding their privations and pain.

Always find the sunshine and live in it. There is sunshine for everybody.

ADVANCED CLASSES

IN CONNECTION WITH OUR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE question has been asked over and over again, "Why cannot young men be retained in the Sunday school?" Indeed, the more general question has pressed for a solution, — "Why cannot people generally be interested in biblical study, and in the consideration of subjects pertaining to a Christian life"

Whatever else may be said in answer, this certainly is true: no adequate arrangements have been made, as a general thing, for the instruction of young men and women, or of adults, by our churches. The Sunday schools, when compared with the common schools, cannot as a whole rank very much above the primary schools, — certainly not so high as the grammar. There has been, and still is, a great difficulty in obtaining teachers willing to undertake, or competent to perform, advanced work.

The interest taken by many pastors in the religious instruction of those under their charge is, however, bringing about a great improvement in this respect. It may be serviceable to some to know what has in two or three instances been accomplished.

The Rev. S. B. Stewart, of Lynn, invited the young people of his parish to meet at his house in a social way. In the course of the evening he spoke to them upon the advisability of their entering upon the study of subjects relating to morals, theology, and religion. He was ready with a list of topics, and explained to them what might be done.

On the next Sunday, at the Sunday-school hour, from forty to fifty young ladies and gentlemen met Mr. Stewart at the church. Under his superintendence they arranged themselves into classes, selected their teachers, and subjects for tudy.

Two of the classes selected for their textbook Dr. Clarke's "Ten Great Religions." Another class entered upon biblical study, using "Palfrey's Lectures," Davidson's "Introduction to the Old Testament," and Higginson's "Spirit of the Bible," as helps.

Mr. Stowell, a member of the Divinity School, Cambridge, took charge of a class for the consideration of "Social Reforms." Still another class was formed, under the guidance of a young lady who teaches in the Chauncy Hall School, Boston, whose members are devoting themselves to the study of "Religious Art."

It is needless to add that all these classes are delighted with the work they have undertaken, and engage in it with great earnestness. Two of them have no regular teacher, but are conducted by the different members in turn.

These young people are not considered a part of the Sunday school proper, but are brought into connection with it, and exercise upon it a strong and healthful influence. They form, as it were, a sort of high school, with its advanced course of study. On account of their presence, the larger boys and girls of the regular school will become less restive in their classes, and look forward to entering upon the wider course of study, rather than to leaving the school.

The pastor of the Church of the Unity, Boston, Rev. Mr. Schermerhorn, has a very large Bible class of young people. They meet with the Sunday school in the vestry, and take part in the opening devotional exercises; and then withdraw to the church, and go on with their lesson, independent of the school.

The Rev. Mr. Carpenter, of the Mount Pleasant Church, Boston Highlands, also conducts a large Bible class during the Sunday-schoo hour.

There are other pastors who are doing this same thing; and some who are, in addition to this, superintending their own schools.

Some schools are fortunate enough to have connected with them men and women fitted by nature and acquirements to give the best instruction to all grades of scholars. The school at Clinton, connected with Rev. Mr. Waterhouse's Society, is one of this kind. The boys, as well as the girls, seem to stand by it. A lady, some years ago, took a class of little boys. These boys have grown into young men, and are still under her instruction. Probably neither teacher nor scholars were more interested than now. What can be more creditable to both?

Where it is possible for the Sunday school to be built up higher, that is the thing to be done. Where it seems wiser to organize classes as a sort of high school for advanced study, by all means let that be done. Somehow provision must be made for the religious instruction of all our youth.

LESSONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THE desire has been expressed by many that a series of lessons be published in the "Dayspring" for Sunday schools. The matter has been considered; but it is not thought advisable to encroach so much upon the pages of the "Dayspring" as would be necessary to give the lessons for each month.

There is a better way. We presume the Unitarians do not mean to be behind other bodies of Christians in this matter of effective Sunday-school work. They have the talent and the means to stand in the front, if they will only use the one and afford the other. The "uniform-lesson system," as practised by the other denominations, is a success. It can be improved upon by the Unitarians, and made a greater success.

Let the whole matter be well considered by some of our best and wisest pastors and teachers, and a course of study for the young in our Sunday schools marked out. Let it meet the wants of scholars from eight or nine to fourteen or fifteen years of age.

Those ages are about the natural limits of the application of the "uniform-lesson system." The lessons for the younger and older scholars will hardly admit the principle of general adaptability.

The plan settled, let the lessons be prepared, printed on sheets, and distributed among our schools from month to month. In addition to this, let there be a monthly publication for teachers, explanatory of these lessons, giving references to books easily accessible, and information from books not generally accessible, and suggestions in regard to methods. Such a periodical may not only meet the special wants of teachers, but be devoted to the general interests of the Sunday-school cause.

Such is the work we desire the Sunday School Society to undertake, and the work we shall be ready to do our part in accomplishing. It is practical and feasible. Of course, it requires money; but by no means a large sum in comparison with the importance of the work.

It gives us pleasure to state, in this connection, that the Rev. Jenk. LL. Jones, Janesville, Wisconsin, of the Missionary Wisconsin Unitarian Conference, has prepared a schedule of lessons for the present year; and issues monthly sheets, each containing the four or five lessons required. The lessons in the February issue are: "Right and Wrong," "Truthfulness," "Honesty," and "Cruelty to Man and Beast."

Twelve copies for the year will be furnished for $1.50. Where one hundred or more copies are ordered, they will be furnished at a cent apiece.

The schedule of lessons embraces thirteen on the requirements religion, ten on personal ethics, eight on doctrinal subjects, and fifteen on the Sermon on the Mount; a lesson for Easter, and one for Christmas.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

A PAINTER once, possessed of fair renown,
Which meaner artists might have well sufficed,
Sought for one nobler laurel for his crown,
And straight resolved that he would paint a Christ.
And days to months, and months to years had flown,
When, on his easel, lo! the work was done.

"But who shall judge," he said, "if right or wrong?
If this be Christ or no? My friends will say,
'Tis well; 'tis perfect. This same siren song
They've buzzed about my ears for many a day,
But flattery's tongue ne'er fails to speak amiss;
I'll have at least impartial thought on this.

"I have it!" And forthwith he called his child,
A blue-eyed girl of seven delicious years,
And showed the picture. But she proudly smiled,
And guessed — 'twas some great king! His keenest fears
Were real. His eyes grew moist. His flushed cheek paled.
The judgment told him that his work had failed.

Again he tried, and months of sturdy toil
And study gave he to his cherished theme.
He could not brook that adverse fate should spoil
The darling picture of his treasured dream.
With softer color changed he tone and plan,
And saw his picture grow a lowly man.

Once more 'twas done. His little critic came,
And stood before the canvas by his side.
He watched each motion with his eye aflame,
And waited, trembling, while she should decide.
At last, with reverent look, the pure-lipped child
Murmured, "*My Saviour!*" Then the artist smiled.

The Myrtle.

For The Dayspring.

CARRIE RAYMOND.

ONE of the sweetest tempered little girls I ever knew was little Carrie Raymond. Everybody loved her, from her mamma (for Carrie's father had died when she was quite an infant) to the old house-dog, Watch. I think the secret of her being so loved was her unselfish nature. Always ready to give up her own desires to promote the pleasure of others; always trying to heal any little misunderstanding among her schoolmates; and ever yielding a cheerful

obedience to her mother and her teachers.

Carrie's mother was poor, having to support herself and little daughter with the proceeds of her sewing-machine; therefore there were many things Mrs. Raymond had to deny her little girl. This would have made some little girls very cross. Unlike Carrie, they would not have said, when denied some cherished desire, "Dear mother, I know you would give it if you could, and as you cannot, Carrie will think no more about it." Then she would kiss her mother and quietly take up her work or her doll, and the subject was forgotten.

Carrie loved flowers, and particularly roses. There was a hot-house quite near to Carrie's home, and frequently the florist would carry roses and other flowers to market. Carrie would se them as the man drove past her door, and one day a beautiful pink rose quite took her fancy. She asked Mr. Bond the price of it. He told her thirty-five cents. "Ah!" said Carrie with a sigh, "that is more money than I have, I cannot buy it, sir."

"Do you want it very much?" he said, noticing the disappointment expressed in her tone. "Are you not the little girl who helped a poor old man to pick up the apples that some rude boys upset out of his wagon last week?"

"Yes, sir," said Carrie modestly.

"Well, little girl, I am that old man's son, and as you did him a great kindness, I will give you the rose."

"But, sir," Carrie said, "I did not do it for pay, and I cannot take it."

"Nonsense!" laughed Mr. Bond; and putting the rose-bush into Carrie's hands he rode off, saying, "You are a good little girl, and deserve to be rewarded."

Carrie took the present home. "O mamma!" said she, "look what a beautiful flower Mr. Bond has given me; is he not good?"

"Yes, darling," answered Mrs. Raymond. Carrie then told her mother the story of the old man and the apples. "I did not want it for that, mamma, you know; but Mr. Bond made me take it."

Carrie tended her rose with great care, watering it and sponging the leaves daily. There was a bud on it which she watched closely, noting each day the gradual growth.

One day Carrie caught a sudden cold, and that enemy of children, the croup, set in. In vain was the skill of doctors and nurses—in vain the kind attention of friends. Carrie rapidly grew worse, and at last the doctor told Mrs. Raymond Carrie must die.

"O sir," sobbed Mrs. Raymond, "this is very hard to bear, but the will of the Lord be done, and may he give me strength to bear the burden of my loss."

"Mamma," said Carrie, speaking with great difficulty, "do not weep for me; I have seen the angels, and they beckon me to come to them. Oh! the beautiful roses they bear. Good-by, dear mother! Dear Jesus, take me." Little Carrie's pure soul went to him who gave it, with these words on her lips.

They buried her with the bud in her hand, whose growth she had watched with such care.

Try to live, dear children, so that you may say, like dear little Carrie, "I have seen the angels!" COUSIN GERTRUDE.

For The Dayspring.

LETTER TO LITTLE ANNIE.

FOR "EASTER."

BRIGHT and happy may this "Easter" day be to you, dear little Annie, and to your darling little sister. I think *you* know how to make it a happy day to your mother and

your father; for an obedient, gentle, kind little daughter is a joy to their hearts.

"Easter!" the resurrection-day of Jesus, the Saviour, — the resurrection-day of that Christ who "took little children in his arms and blessed them;" who "went about doing good;" who died on the cross, that we, who sin, might learn of the heavenly Father's love and forgiveness.

My dear little Annie! love the Saviour; and remember his words, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." A little girl can keep Christ's commandments, and thus show her love to him, by being kind, truthful, gentle; by putting away angry and fretful words; and by praying to God, the heavenly Father, to help her to become like Jesus.

"Blessed are the *happiness-makers*." I think, Annie, you understand the meaning of these words; and how many, many times in one day you can "make happiness" to some person, — father or mother, brothers or little sister, school-mates or teacher.

When you came to the breakfast-table this morning with a pleasant, happy face, and, without any complaints, took the food which had been prepared for the meal, — and you spoke in pleasant tones of voice, — was there not a *silent happiness* imparted by you to father and mother, as they said in their hearts, "God bless our dear little daughter, whom we love so much."

Dear little Annie! if you made each member of the household happy only once a day, how much happiness you could "make" in one year, or three hundred and sixty-five days! But the "*happiness-makers*" are not content with this, — *they* want to follow in Jesus' steps, so they *keep on* trying to "make happiness" from morning to night. How very, very sad it is to see a little girl "*make unhappiness!*" Only think, Annie, if it is only *once* every day, how many, many sorrowful, naughty things will be added up in on year!

I wish you, dear Annie, to ask mother to teach you an "Easter" hymn; perhaps you have already learned one.

When I was a very little girl I learned the hymn, —

"Angels! roll the stone away," —

and although it was so many years ago, I have not forgotten it. And the hymns and little pieces of poetry *you* learn now, you will never forget.

Perhaps some day this spring you will *print me* a little note, if you have not yet learned to write; for though *I* am no longer a little girl, yet I like to receive and read little notes from my little friends. Sometimes these notes are printed with large letters and very uneven; sometimes with cunning little letters, — but no matter, *all* equally show the LOVE, which is best of all.

Love to dear little sister, and set her a good example this happy "Easter" day. And may the Saviour bless *you*, even as he did the children of yore.

Ever your true friend,

COUSIN CHLOE.

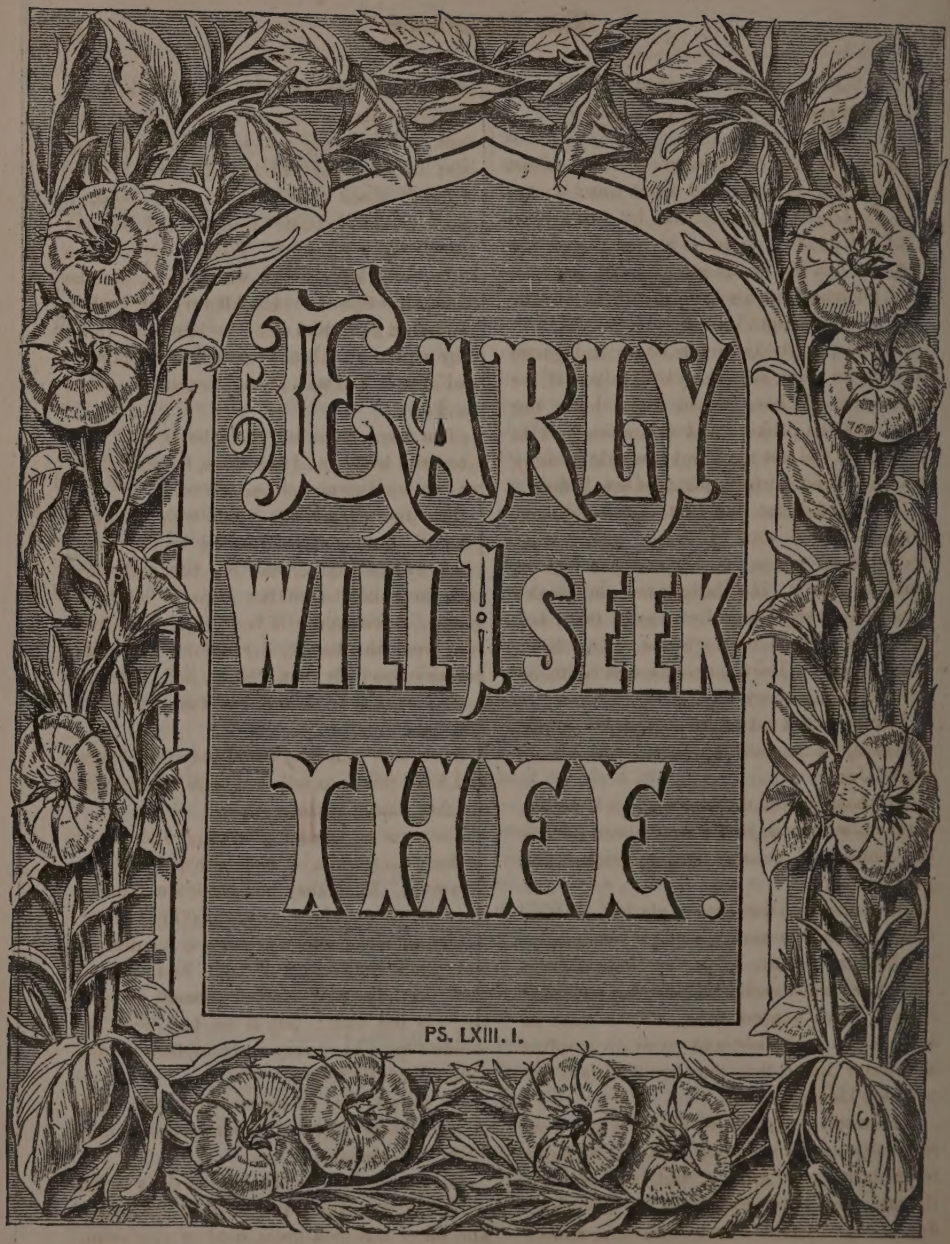
THE STORM.

THE air is chill, the rain falls fast,
And dark and wintry is the night;
Keen is the bleak and stormy blast,
And not a star affords its light.
How can I, then, ungrateful be,
Who have a house to cover me?

How many poor around me roam,
Not knowing where to lay their head;
Without a friend, without a home,
Except it be a mud-walled shed.
How can I, then, ungrateful be,
Who have a house to cover me?

How can I, then, while thus I live,
Be discontented with my lot?
The Lord doth countless mercies give,
Yet why so often is forgot?
Oh, may I ever grateful be
For all the Lord has given me!

Child's World.


EARLY
WILL I SEEK
THEE.
PS. LXIII. 1.

For The Dayspring.

TOMMY'S BOAT RACE.

WHEN Tommy put off short clothes, and went into jacket and pantaloons, he felt himself to be quite a man; and the way he put his hands into his side pockets, and puckered up his little mouth to whistle, was a comical sight indeed.

When everybody in the house had gazed at him, he went into the yard, to see if the hens and chickens would know him; but they went on pecking and scratching just as usual, and did not seem to know that Tommy was any different from what he was before.

Tommy did not like that very much, and his little head went thinking. Now what thoughts do you suppose could get into so small a head? He thought he would make a call on a curly-headed youngster that lived in the yard next to his house. This boy's name was Joe Brown, and he was quite an agreeable boy every way.

Tommy called out to Joe, before he opened the gate, "I am coming to see you a little while, Joe."

He thought it might frighten him if he ran right in, without saying a word, because Joe did not know Tommy had on jacket and pantaloons.

Of course Joe was *ever* so glad to see him, and acted as if he never could tire of examining his new clothes. Tommy always did say Joe's yard was exactly built for boys to play in, and have a good time. There were so many chips and nails, and so much sawdust and water about, that they could always get up some kind of a play.

There was a big tub of water in one corner. Joe said it would be fine fun to make some boats and have a sail, and Tommy thought Joe knew exactly what was right. Joe always carried a knife with him, and he whittled out two very good specimens of boats. They had fine pieces of birch bark for their sails. They were not very handsome-looking; but, as they satisfied the lads, I guess it didn't much matter about their looks.

Joe called his boat "Bessie," and Tommy named his "Spotty." Tommy once had a little black kitten, with white spots, and he named it "Spotty." He felt very sorry when his kitten died, and when he liked any thing very much he always called it "Spotty," and that is the way his boat came by such a name.

The boys launched their boats, but they stood still and would not move, because there was no wind to make them do so.

But Joe always was a boy who tried one plan if another failed; so he and Tommy stood by the side of the big tub, and blew with their mouths on the ships to set them going. It was quite a boat race, but Joe's boat went the fastest, because he had more breath in his body than Tommy had. Tommy had to laugh a good deal, and that made him lose time.

Then Joe said they could play merchants, and have things to sell, and send them away to other places in their ships.

They got a piece of a herring and put it on Joe's boat, and a bit of cheese and put it on Tommy's. Then they had good fun sending their vessels on voyages, and making trades.

Tommy went into Joe's house to dinner, and liked very much indeed, and seemed glad that his new clothes pleased people. He was not vain; but if he had been, he couldn't have been very much so, he was such a cunning little fellow.

Joe showed him all his picture-books; and, at every new picture, Tommy would cry, "Oh!" in delight.

All at once the boys thought of their boats, and went into the yard to look for them. The water was in a great deal of confusion,

and right in the midst was a cat, spluttering and splashing about. Joe pulled her out, and she ran away, shaking her wet fur.

The cat had seen and smelt the herring, and thought it would be a dainty treat; so she climbed up the sides of the tub, but, venturing too far, she paid dearly for her fun by getting a ducking. The boys called the cat a pirate, and she went by that name ever after.

The youngsters had another boat-race, and enjoyed themselves a great deal. Tommy was real sorry when it was time for him to go home, and said if he wanted to have a first-rate, nice time, he should go to see Joe Brown.

That night, Tommy wanted to sleep in his new suit, but of course he could not. I guess he had a funny dream that night, for he called out in his sleep, "Puff more, Joe, or my boat'll beat!" F. S. F.

WAIT FOR THE HARVEST.

WALKING in the forest with Uncle James one pleasant day in autumn, during my eighteenth year, I complained to him of the long time required to obtain things desired.

"Growth, education, character, influence, wealth, power," said I, "must be waited for, often for years. How much better it would be if we could have them all at once!"

Just then we passed beneath a walnut-tree, and a nut, loosened from its burrs by the frost, fell at our feet. My uncle took it up, and said: —

"Herein is the lesson of the world, not to hasten our opportunities, but to improve them when they come. Every thing worth having requires waiting for, but at the appointed time it will drop its kernel at our feet. See this nut. An hour, yes, five minutes before it fell, we must have labored hard to get it; but now it comes to us itself. Seek not the fruit before it is ripe. Had we gathered this nut a month ago, it would have lacked many qualities that now render it useful. Rather let the sunlight of heaven fall upon our endeavors until they reach full fruition, than by a premature harvest gather a crop which may turn to bitter ashes in our mouths."

HENRY MORE.

THE WELL.

IN a hot summer's day, some years ago, I was sailing with a friend in a tiny boat, on a miniature lake, inclosed like a cup within a circle of steep, barren Scottish hills. On the shoulder of the brown, sun-burnt mountain and full in sight, was a well with a crystal stream trickling over its lip, and making its way down toward the lake. Around the well's mouth and along the course of the rivulet, a belt of green stood out in strong contrast with the iron surface of the rocks all around. We soon agreed as to what should be made of it. There it was, a legend clearly printed by the finger of God on the side of these silent hills, teaching the passer-by how needful a good man is, and how useful he may be in a desert world. W. Arnot.

TRIFLES.

"SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can love or serve, but all may please, —
Oh, let the gentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence!
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain,
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

"They whom
Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse! grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls."

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

THE BIRTHDAY GIFT.

THE day that Bertha was six years old, her little brother Charles gave her for a birthday present a puzzle. It was a picture, in ever so many pieces, which were cut so as to fit into each other; and the puzzle was to put them together right.

You will see in the picture that Bertha began very well. There is the shep-herd-ess with her crook, and some pieces nicely joined. But now Bertha is puzzled. What to do with that piece in her hand, she cannot tell. She does not see a place where it will fit.

Now look at Charles's face, and you will see that he knows. His bright eyes and smiling face show how happy he is that his present is a puzzle to his sister, and that little finger almost wants to point out the place where the piece belongs.

Charles is younger than his sister, and I guess he could not find out himself how to put the pieces together. But the day before, when sister was at school, his mother and he put them together, and then he tried to do it alone; and after he had tried three times, he found out how to do it.

Bertha would not let Charles show her. She looked and looked, and kept trying the pieces in different places; and by and by, one piece after another got into the right place, and in about half an hour the pieces were all put together, and there was the complete picture.

How pleased Bertha was to do it herself! She is one of that kind of little girls who like to try the best they can to do things. Some girls and boys get tired very quickly, and do not try long enough to do things that are a little hard. Their minds would grow faster, and they would learn how to do things better if they were like Bertha.

Bertha and Charlie were very happy when the puzzle was made out. She kissed him and thanked him over and over again for his pretty present; and she loved him all the more because he so loved her and had helped to make her birthday a happy one.

I hope all children have happy birthdays, and that all brothers and sisters make each other little presents when the birthdays come. I wonder what Bertha will give Charlie when his birthday comes! May be *he* will have to study out something then, and the thinking look will be on his face, and the smile on Bertha's. But he will be a happy little fellow, if Bertha can make him so.

FLOWERS.

ARE you not glad to have the spring come and bring forth the flowers? The snow and ice are good. You love to see the white fields and hills, and the smooth, shiny ponds.

How handsome the trees were a few weeks ago, just after the snow! They looked as if they were full of white blossoms. Then what nice coasting you had for many days! I guess the little boys and girls have been very happy all this nice winter.

But you are glad now to see that the spring is almost here. Maybe this very month you will see little flowers peeping out of the ground, and letting the sun shine on their sweet faces.

The first flower that comes in our New England gardens is the snowdrop. It is a pretty white flower. It wants so to tell us that spring is coming, that it gets out of the ground as quickly as it can, and does not mind the patches of snow and the cold winds. Here are some verses about the

SNOWDROP.

The little bud within the ground
  Was warmed by sunny ray;
And, lifting up its tiny head,
  Unfolded to the day.

It looked around: no other flower
  Yet dared to show its face;
The grass was brown; the frost-king's power
  It everywhere could trace.

It shrunk not back, but bravely met
  The rude and chilling blast;
And smiled, though winter lingered yet,
  And skies were overcast.

That hardy flower, the snowdrop pure,
  Sweet harbinger of spring,
Shall teach my soul, in love secure,
  Its song of faith to sing.

Though cold and dead the world may seem,
  And doubt and fear prevail,
My soul shall catch the heavenly beam,
  Its promise joyful hail.

EASTER.

THE last Sunday in this month will be Easter Sunday. In almost all the churches there will be flowers and beautiful music; and the ministers will preach about Christ, and about living for ever.

Christmas Day reminds us of the birth of Christ; Easter reminds us of his rising from the dead. You

know, after he was put to death, his body was placed in a tomb, and was there from Friday evening till Sunday morning.

That morning, the angels came and opened the tomb, and Jesus came forth alive. He spoke to Mary in the garden, and met and talked with his disciples; and, forty days after, he was received into heaven.

Now that Sunday in the spring, which comes the nearest to the time of the year in which Jesus rose, we call Easter Sunday; and on that day we think and talk about that great event.

It is a joyful day. It brings to our minds the happiest thoughts. Our friends seem to die, and their bodies are laid away in the grave; but we know that their souls do not die. We know, too, that our souls cannot die. Jesus has taught us this; and we love to think of it on this day that tells us of his rising.

You see, now, why it is so happy a day. Our Father in heaven has given us ever so many good and great things; but he has given us nothing that begins to be so good and great as this gift of immortal life. How we ought to love him for this! How we ought to love Jesus for making this known to us!

May Easter Sunday be a bright and pleasant one for you all.

GUMPY JACK.

"COME, let's go home," said little Nannie. "My feet's wet, and I want to roast my potatoes for supper."

"But we can't go yet," said her sister. "We haven't made near enough money. It will take five cents for the bread, and there's no tea for mother, and that'll be ten cents, for Mr. Mathers won't make no less than ten cents' worth; and all we've got is four cents."

"Only four?" said Nannie, coming close up to her sister Susan, and watching the counting of the money. When she saw there were four and no more, the little girl hugged more closely in her frock the two potatoes which the grocery-man on the corner had given her, and with strong symptoms of a good cry in her voice she said: "Well, I'm cold any way, and I wish things didn't cost so much!"

It was not winter yet, but it was cold. The fortunate street-sweepers who had comforters put them around their necks, and the men who drove the wagons buttoned up their coats, while little fellows like Will Simmons, who had no shoes, began to find the pavements very cold. This conversation between the two sisters was not a very private one. Little Will, who was standing near, might have heard it, had he not been wrapped up in some private miseries of his own; and Gumpy Jack, who looked over little Nannie's shoulder during the counting of the pennies, heard the whole of it. The real name of Gumpy Jack was John Thompson, but his companions called him "Gumpy," because he had such queer ways. He never played with them, never pitched pennies, — nobody knew what he did with his money; and he was a quiet, stupid-looking fellow altogether. It was quite the fashion among the crossing-

sweepers to laugh at Jack; but he never seemed to mind it, except once, when a boy who had only recently come upon the street commenced to make fun of him.

"What are you laughing at?" said Jack. "You've only been sweeping for two days!"

"Well, what o' that?" said the other.

"I think you might wait a week, anyhow, before you begin a-laughin'!" said Jack, who was quite particular in his ideas. As the girls turned away from him, and Susan went again to sweep the crossing, which was as clean as her poor broom could make it, Gumpy Jack stood still on the sidewalk, and did a sum in his mind.

"Five pennies and one ten-cent stamp," said he to himself, "is fifteen, and four of their own for 'em to keep for 'emselves. And then four of their own and one of mine is five, and ten is fifteen, — same as before. The fust is best."

So saying, Jack went up into a corner behind a barrel, and took from his trousers' pocket some copper and nickel cents, and from a pocket in an old vest he wore he pulled a dirty ten-cent currency note. Taking five of the pennies and the note in his hand, he approached Susan, who had just swept her way across the street in front of a fat gentleman and got nothing for it, and, holding out the money, he said: —

"Here, Suse! And go along home!"

Susan was very much astonished at this offer, and pleased, too, I have no doubt, but she declined the money.

"No, no, Jack!" she said, "much obliged, but I can't take your money."

And away she went to the other side of the street, where stood a fine lady about to cross, who looked very much afraid of soiling her skirts. Jack, with his money in his fist and his broom over his shoulder, went back to the grocery corner, and there he saw little Nannie standing on the curb-stone. He went up to her.

"Got potatoes, Nan?" said he.

"Yes," said the little girl, "but only two."

"Goin' to roast 'em?"

"Yes, in the ashes, if there's a fire."

"Want to sell 'em?" asked Jack.

"Sell 'em!" said the little girl, "I'm going to eat 'em! Who'd buy 'em?"

"I'll buy 'em!" said Jack.

"For how much?" said she.

"I'll give you fifteen cents," said Jack.

Nannie reflected. She did not know much about the price of things, but it seemed to her that fifteen cents for two potatoes would do very well.

"You can have 'em for that," said she.

"All right!" said Jack, as he handed over the money and took the vegetables.

Away ran Nannie with the money to her sister, and Jack retired, grumbling, "They're just that simple they won't take nothing for a present!"

But, grumble as he might, I think Jack was happier than any of the boys who laughed at him as he walked away, and who called to him to know if he was "a-goin' to make himself a new head out of them there pertaters?"

He might have been a "gumpy," perhaps, and he might have been a little slow and stupid, but if it had not been for him things would have gone hard with Susan and Nannie, and their sick mother, that night. Their supper was poor enough as it was, but people can live on bread and tea.

But what was the secret of Jack's kindness to these little girls?

Let me tell you.

He had a splendid memory, and he remembered very well that neither Susan nor Nannie had ever laughed at him or called him names. It was not much that he did, but then they were all poor together.

Hearth and Home.

BOOK NOTICES.

SINGULAR CREATURES, by Mrs. Cupples, is published by Lee & Shepard. These singular creatures are mostly domestic animals. The stories about them are prettily told.

THE JUDGE'S PETS. What were the judge's pets? Little children and dumb animals; and very pleasant stories indeed are told about them. This book is published by Hurd & Houghton.

LITTLE JAKEY is also published by them; and a sweet little story, though a sad one, it is. Little Jakey is a German child, and blind. Mrs. S. H. De Kroyft tells his story mostly in his own language. This is the way he tells of his blindness: —

"Ven Gott make my eyes, my moder say he not put ze light in zem."

CATHCART'S YOUTH'S SPEAKER, published by Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor, & Co., will afford the young people some good selections for recitation or declamation. It contains some pieces suitable for Sunday-school concerts or exhibitions.

THE NURSERY. This popular magazine holds the little ones as close as ever. "Mamma's Kisses," in our first number, should have been credited to it. We gave it as "selected," not knowing where it belonged. The "Nursery" can well afford to have its gems stolen; but he who can steal them must have a hard heart, indeed.

GOD scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all;
And always hearts are open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

"NEVER laugh at any person's failings; they should excite your grief, rather than your mirth."

Puzzles.

1.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in whale, but not in oil;
My second is in snake, but not in coil;
My third is in sail, but not in float;
My fourth is in ship, but not in boat;
My fifth is in pint, but not in quart;
My sixth is in can, but not in ought;
My seventh is in caught, but not in seize;
My eighth is in frost, but not in freeze;
My ninth is in yours, but not in mine;
My last is in number, but not in time;
My whole was the name of a man whose fame is world-wide. G. P. BRETT.

2.

BURIED CITIES.

1. Mary must not hold the baby long.
2. You can all do right.
3. Charity relieves the distressed.
4. In Madrid they sell balsam a rial an ounce.
5. You may give Elizabeth any good book.
6. Had the Graces a real existence?

The answers to the above are places mentioned in the New Testament.

3.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. What Jesus taught; a mathematical term; to speak; ranks; an animal.

2. A book; fanciful; that which went down to the skirts of Aaron's garment, as stated in one of the Psalms; great; an officer in the early church.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

42 CHAUNCY STREET . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . $1 00.
Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.